

THE MASTER OF MAN :-: By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Manxman," "The Deemster," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Etc.

PERSONS OF THE STORY

VICTOR STOWELL—Chief Justice of the Isle of Man. In a moment of unusual passion he has, in a moment of unusual passion he has, in a moment of unusual passion he has...

CHAPTER XLIII The Dawn of Morning

"Victor! Victor!" It was Janet's voice outside the door.

"Six o'clock. Didn't you want to catch the first train to town, dear?"

"Oh, yes! All right. I'll be down presently."

He was like another man. Life had no terrors for him now. It was just as if a curse had fallen from him in the night.

"No more visions! No more specters! I know what he had to do and he would do it. It was a sense of immense emancipation. He felt like a slave who had broken the chain which he had dragged after him for years. He was a free man once more.

Throwing off coat and waistcoat he washed—lashing the cold water over face and head and neck as if he were diving into one of the dubs in the glen—and then went downstairs with a strong step.

Breakfast was not quite ready, so he stepped out over the piazza to the farmyard. The cheerful place was full of its morning activities. Cows were mooing their way to the grass of the fields before barking dogs, and milkmaids were carrying their frothing pails to the well.

He saluted everybody he came upon. "Good-morning, Betty!"

"Good-morning, Mary!" The girls smiled and looked proud, but they said afterwards that the young master's voice sounded as if he was saying good-by to them.

Unconsciously he was going about like one who was taking a last look round before setting out on a long journey. He went into the stable, and Molly, his young chestnut mare, turned her head and neighed at him. He went into the empty cow-house, and four young calves in boxes licked, with their long tongues, the hand he held down to them.

On the way back to the house he met Robbie Creech who was full of the story of Mrs. Collister of Baldromma. She had taken the ground with the ebb tide, poor woman. They had put her into the asylum. The doctors said her case was incurable. She was always saying the old Dempster had come from the dead to take her Bessie out of prison.

"But what a blessed end," said Stowell. "She'll think her daughter is in heaven, so she'll always be happy."

"It's like she will, sir," said Robbie, looking puzzled, and going indoors for his morning bowl of porridge he said to his wife:

"A mortal quare thing to say, though, and the woman in the mad-house."

Stowell ate with an appetite (Janet plying him with coffee and eggs and toasted muffins), and then young Robbie brought round the dog-cart. Janet helped him with the reins. He had overcoat and went to the door with him.

He paused there, pulling 'on his driving-gloves and treading what travel main the dear soul would suffer when he heard that night what he had done during the day. At last he threw his arms about her and kissed her, saying with a gulp:

"Good-by, mother! God bless you!"

The train to town was full of overflowing. The northside people, having heard of yesterday's doings, were going up to see for themselves "what them toots in Douglas" were doing.

In spite of the guard's deferential protests Stowell stepped into an open third-class carriage. It had been humming like a beehive until then, but except for a general salutation it became silent when he entered.

A porter's assistant who sat opposite handed him an English newspaper, two days old, with an article on the escape from Castle Rushen. The incident was a disgrace to the insular administration, and if the Governor could not offer a satisfactory explanation the sooner the island's home rule came to an end the better for Justice.

One or two of the passengers tried to draw Stowell into conversation about the article, but he said little or nothing. Then some black-coated persons (well-to-do farmers and the like) gave the talk another turn.

"Sit and for all," said one, "that doesn't justify such doings as there are in Douglas!" "Chut!" said another. "It isn't justice the agitators are wanting. It's robbery." "True enough," said a third, "it's the land they're after, and if the Governor isn't doing something soon, there'll be no acre left at the one of us." "Give them a bit of the own now," said a farmer.

"Men like Quattrough and Baldromma ought to be taken to say and dropped overboard."

When the train reached Douglas Stowell went off with a heavy face. It was remarked that he had not shaken hands—his father used to shake hands with everybody.

"He's his father's son for all," said the old man by the window.

Stowell took the cable-car at the bottom of the Prospect Hill which is at the foot of the town. Douglas was still in a state of agitation and the driver had as much as he could do to forge his way without accidents through the tumultuous throngs in the thoroughfare.

A cordon of red-coated soldiers from Castletown surrounded Government Office and a noisy crowd (including women with children) were jeering at them from the middle of the street, and shouting up at the windows, under the impression that the Governor was within.

The shops bore signs of yesterday's rioting—many having their shutters up, while the windows of others were barricaded with new notices.

Stowell got out of the car at the terminus and made the rest of his journey afoot. At the top of the hill, where the road turns toward the Governor's house, he came upon a mass-meeting. From a horseless lorry, decorated with banners, a burly old ruffian with shaggy gray hair (Quattrough, M. E. K.) was speaking in a voice of thunder, while, on the cross-seat by his side, Dan Baldromma was sitting with the air of a martyr.

"There's a man on this platform who has gone to prison for his principles. That's what justice in the Isle of Man is. And that's what they would like to be doing with the lot of ye, the big ones of the island. But, gentlemen and ladies, their rotten old ship is floating on the pumps and she'll soon be sinking."

When Stowell reached the Governor's gate he paused, being out of breath and not so strong as he had imagined. From that point he could see a broad stretch of the coast, as well as the shadowy outlines of the English hills on the other



The last to come up the drive was a solitary man afoot, walking slowly—his strength had failed him

side of the channel. A steamer was bringing the English cavalry the Governor had sent for.

Life is sweet when death is at the door. At that last moment, although he had thought his mind was made up, Stowell found that his heart was failing him. Must he go on? Deliberately destroy himself?

No outside power compelling him? The world was wide—why not leave all this wreck and ruin behind him and in some other country begin life anew? The moment of weakness passed and

he went on. Half way up the drive, where the trees broke clear and the long white facade of Government House became visible, he dropped his head. He was thinking of the last time he had been there and remembering again the stinging words with which Fenella had driven him away. But there was strength in the thought that he was about to break the chain which he had dragged after him for years, and save his people at the same time.

When the maid opened the door, he asked for the Governor.

"Yes, your Honor," said the maid, "but Fenella wishes to see you first, sir."

His heart was beating hard when he stepped into the house.

CHAPTER XLIV "God Gave Him Dominion"

Three times during breakfast that morning Fenella had seen somebody coming up the drive. The first to come was the Major from Castletown, riding at a fast trot. On being shown into the breakfast-room, with spurs clanking, he told the Governor that England was in a state of anarchy and were very threatening.

"Tell the mayor to read the Riot Act, and then do what is necessary for the protection of life and property," said the Governor.

The second to come was the Chief Constable, driving rapidly in a hackney carriage. On entering the room with his heavy step, he said the soldiers would be landed at the pier within half an hour.

"If the thoroughfares are still thronged with riotous mobs at that time," said the Governor, "tell the cavalry to ride through them."

The last to come up the drive was a solitary man afoot, walking slowly and pausing at intervals as if strength had failed him.

Fenella knew who it was, and rising hastily from the table she went into the drawing-room.

When Stowell was brought in to her she was shocked at the change in his appearance. He looked ten years older.

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his dark hair had become white about the temples and his eyes were full of a strange light.

"How he must have suffered," she thought, and an almost overpowering desire took possession of her to put her arms about him and comfort him.

He looked at her and the same thought and the same impulse came to him. But they were afraid of each other, and with the surging ocean of their love between them they stood apart, but trembling. At length, trying not to look into each other's faces, they began to speak.

"Fenella!"

"You know why I have been sent for?"

"Yes, and that is why I want to speak to you before you see my father. There are things you ought to know."

"Victor!"

"Mr. Vonly, the jatter from Castle Rushen, was here two days ago, to be examined by the Governor, the Attorney General and the Chief Constable."

"Did he say anything?"

"Not to them."

"To you, perhaps?"

"Yes, I brought him in here. He told me what occurred after I left the Castle."

"Then you know?"

"She dropped her head and answered 'Yes.'"

"I had to do it, Fenella—I thought I had to."

A moment passed.

"He asked me to tell you that he would leave his word to you, whatever happened."

"Did he say that?"

"Yes."

To be continued tomorrow (Copyright, 1921, International Magazines Co.)

URGES WOMEN AVOID PARTY ALIGNMENT ON SEX LINES

Should Work With Good Men in Politics, Says Willis

Oxford, O., June 7. — (By A. P.)—American women should co-operate with men in their political activities, and "not descend to the untenable position that with suffrage now extended to them political action hereafter should be based on sex alignment," Senator Frank B. Willis, declared here today in a commencement address at Western College. By the latter course, he said, they would "weaken the cause of government and admit as false the chief argument on which they relied to win their case."

"Let good women and good men work together," Senator Willis said, "to purify and strengthen and give new vision to the political parties now extant. If it is found that the old political fabrics are weakened and outgrown beyond rebuilding and repair (a condition which in my judgment will not be found to exist, then let new political organizations be formed by good women and good men co-operating for the advancement of the common welfare; but let no such new organizations be based on the idea of sex."

Because women, the speaker said, will be guided "more largely than men voters by considerations of humanity, morality and right," they must be on their guard against "specious pleas from those who would deceive—new political fads, loans and catch phrases and false issues framed up in attractive form to deceive new voters."

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